And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikely wonders: how theſe vaine weake nayles
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars;
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there.
And in this thought they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingde by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraite am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicke playes.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept;
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring;

But

Line 6 Against the word— 8 To threed
the poſterne— 22 one person— 23 am I king.
27 Then am I kingde— vet in a diſordered—